



## THE PARTY WEEKEND: ITS CAUSE AND CURE

With the season of party weekends almost upon us, my mail of late has been flooded with queries from young women of women's colleges wishing to know how one constructs one's self when one has invited a young gentleman for a weekend. This morning, for example, three more came than 20,000 letters, each containing a lock of hair. I gave the hair to a hairdresser and asked the hairdresser to dry along of my wigmakers, and I turned instantly to the question: How should a young lady comport herself when she has asked a young gentleman to be her guest at a party weekend?

Well, my dear girls, the first thing to remember is that your young gentleman is far from home and frightened. Put him at his ease. You might, for instance, surprise him by having his mother sitting in a rocker on the station platform when he gets off the train.

Next, what kind of evening should you send your young gentleman? Well, my beloved maidens, decide on dressings acceptable.

If you find, my prettiest Ellen, that your kind father has run out of stock, do not be dismayed. Make a message out of paper. But just good, stiff, durable paper—creamy dollar bills, for example.

Remember at all times, my fond sweethearts, to show your young gentleman courtesy and consideration. Open doors for him, walk on the outside side of the path, assist him to the punch bowl, tip his yachts. Light his Marlboros. (What, you ask, if he doesn't smoke Marlboros? Well, my previous remark! Of course, he smokes Marlboros! Don't, you? Don't! I? Haven't everybody who knows a hawk from a handmaiden? What other cigarette gives you such skin to the face? North-West? Park Road? Back Flipping? No? No other, my sweet maidens, no other. Marlboros.

stands alone, and yet more worthy of you, my estimable damsel, is found to be a Marlboro man.)

If you will follow the simple instructions stated above, my good ladies, you will find that you have turned your young gentleman into a hot and fervent admirer. There is nothing quite like a party weekend to promote romance. I am in mind of a party weekend some years ago at Miss Vandewater's Seminary for Central Girls in West Linn, Oregon. (Oh, Serafinia Sigelson, a neophyte at this institution, snoring in napkins taking, sent an invitation to a young man named Faldie Vahle, a junior at the Hayes-Kilmer School of Forestry, snoring in nap and holes.

Anyhow, Serafinia, with an invitation to Faldie, and he came, and she showed him with kindness and soft looks, and then he went away, and Serafinia sat miserably by the window, wondering whether she would ever hear from him again. Sure enough, two weeks later she got a



letter: "Dear Serafinia, Can you let me have fifty bucks? Yours, Faldie."

Whispering with ecstasy, she ran to the bank and withdrew the money and mailed it to him. From then on, she got the same request every week, and to a result, she became very well acquainted with Volpe T. Lavichien, teller of the West Linn State Bank and Trust Co., and later found herself engaged into love, and today they are happily married and live in Seaside, Oregon, where Ralph is in the extended mahogany game and Serafinia is a typist.

Every weekend is a party weekend when you smoke Marlboro, whose makers bring you this volume throughout the school year.



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